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# CALICO LAND

A Farce in Four Acts

By
ELVA SAWYER CURETON

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1915

PS635
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# CALICO LAND

## CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR HENRY OSGOOD, *the schoolmaster of a boarding school.*
MRS. OSGOOD, *his wife.*
FLOSSIE WELLS, *the beauty of the class*
'TILDA FARREL, *a plain little girl*
EVELYN MARIE WARREN, *a naughty girl*
GRACIE PHELPS, *the smallest girl*
JIMMIE MCNULTY, *the leader*
FREDDIE LANE, *a goody goody*
WILLIE WAVERLY, *a fat boy*
JACK BIRD
} *Pupils.*
FUNNO, *counsellor to the Calico King.*
KING DIRTY FACE, *king of Calico Land.*
CALICO CHILDREN; HERALDS; *subjects of King Dirty Face.*

## COSTUMES

Starched white dresses for girls, white shirts and stiff collars for boys. Calico pinafores. Calico suits, face and all, for Calico People. Two clown suits.

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FEB 18 1915
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No1

# Calico Land

## ACT I

SCENE.—*In the woods.*

*Enter* PROFESSOR HENRY OSGOOD *and* MRS. OSGOOD *with children, each carrying a lunch-basket, butterfly net or wraps.*

PROF. (*stoop-shouldered and wearing glasses ; stern looking and abrupt in his manner*). Ha, children ! What is this I see ? (*Bends over stiffly and picks a flower.*)

FLOSSIE WELLS (*a pretty little girl with golden curls*). A buttercup, sir.

PROF. Very good, so far. But what genus is it ? Observe the corolla, the form of the leaves.

JIMMIE MCNULTY. Can you make butter out of them, sir ?

PROF. Certainly not. They are probably so named because they are the color of butter.

'TILDA FARREL (*scornfully*). Maybe butter with carrot coloring !

PROF. The plant is of the genus Ranunculus. It is ——

FLOSS. Ooh ! I see a butterfly ! (*Makes a rush and the children all follow her. She returns to* PROF. *with a butterfly in her hand.*) See, Professor Osgood, I've caught a butterfly. Ain't it pretty ?

MRS. O. Isn't, Flossie. Ain't is a vulgarism. Never use it.

(*She mitigates the severity of her remark by a deprecatory smile.*)

PROF. (*producing a monstrous microscope and looking at the butterfly*). An insect of the order Lepidoptera. Notice the fine imbricated scales on the delicate membranaceous wings, which number four. (*He holds out the microscope to* EVELYN

MARIE WARREN *who turns her back and stamps her foot.*) The thorax you will notice ——

EVELYN (*over her shoulder*). I don't want to study any old bugs. You said this was a picnic, so you did.

MRS. O. Hush, dear! It is.

PROF. But think of the opportunity this little expedition affords us to study the natural flora and fauna.

JIM. (*aside to* EVELYN). It's a shame, so it is, to have to work on a picnic. Let's bolt.

EVELYN. I ain't afraid, old smarty.

JIM. Who is? Let's pretend we see something and run. The kids'll all follow, you'll see.

EVELYN. You talk lots. Do it. I'll go as far as you any day.

JIM. We'll throw away all this old truck, too. Can't have any fun goin' around like a pack mule. (*Looks about ostentatiously, then suddenly yells.*) Hi, boys! I see a squirrel.

(*Runs off* R., *throwing his basket as he goes. Others follow doing same.*)

EVELYN (*right after him*). Come on, girls. Let's beat 'em.

PROF. (*not noticing*). Now take this Lepidoptera, for instance. Observe the marking on the anterior wings. Here you see ——

MRS. O. Henry, don't you think we ought to follow and see what those children are doing? They are in our care here as much as at school. I wouldn't want anything to happen ——

PROF. Eh? Children? (*Looks about bewildered.*)

MRS. O. They ran after a squirrel, I believe, but children are so excitable. It's easy to get lost in a wood. I got lost in the park once. One should stop for calm reflection. How careless they were with the lunches! Poor little dears. My mother could make the best imitation chicken salad ——

(*Starts to gather up things from ground.*)

PROF. Maria!

MRS. O. Yes, Henry.

PROF. Leave those things alone.

MRS. O. Certainly, dear. But ——

PROF. No buts, please, Maria.

MRS. O. Very well, dear. Oh, certainly not, but ——

(*Tentatively picks up a basket.*)

PROF. (*in a terrible voice*). Maria! (MRS. O. *drops basket which bursts open, scattering contents on ground. She begins hurriedly gathering them up.*) Maria!

MRS. O. (*dropping what she holds*). Ye-es, Henry.

PROF. Leave those things as they are. Those little imps shall have a lesson in obedience. This is insufferable!

MRS. O. (*in frightened, pleading voice*). P-please, Henry, couldn't we let them enjoy their picnic? Think how long they have been looking forward to it.

PROF. (*sternly*). They shall enjoy it in a proper manner. Don't interfere, Maria. (MRS. O. *walks to* R., *furtively wiping her eyes.* PROF. *studies butterfly with microscope. Enter* FUNNO, R., *dressed in calico from head to foot, face and all.* PROF. *looks up over spectacles.*) Ah-a, my good man, did you chance upon a party of children in the wood?

FUNNO. Noisy, quarrelsome children with horrid starched dresses and choky white collars?

MRS. O. Oh, did you see the poor dears? Where ——

PROF. They were neatly dressed for an outing in the woods. I hope they have not soiled their clothes?

FUNNO. A little, a little, but not enough for comfort.

PROF. What!

FUNNO. Oh, don't worry, they will, they will. Just give them time, my dear sir, just give them time. One or two were doing very nicely, very nicely indeed, considering. And the frog-pond will be of great assistance, great assistance, I assure you.

PROF. } Frog-pond!
MRS. O. }

FUNNO. Assuredly. Lovely, slimy little pool full of frogs and wigglers and cunning little water-snakes.

MRS. O. Oh, my children, my babies! (*Rushes off* R.)

PROF. They shall certainly be attended to. Discipline must be maintained.

FUNNO. For their good or yours?

PROF. It is good for everybody, anybody. Look at the army, now, and the navy. What would they be without discipline? In every big institution, in every business, in every walk of life ——

(*They exeunt,* R., PROF. *still talking and gesticulating.*)

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*Calico Land. Out-of-doors. Trees covered with buns, handkerchiefs, cakes, fruits, dolls, bats, etc., all tied on with strips of calico. Old rotten log,* L. *Calico throne at rear,* C.

(CHILDREN *enter,* L., *with several Calico people.* CHILDREN *dirty, torn, happy.*)

JIM. (*snatching off a limp collar and throwing it to rear*). This is something like. I call this a real holiday. Hope the Professor gets lost in the woods nosing about after specimens, the old scissors!

WILLIE WAVERLY (*mopping his fat face and shaking his head*). I wish we'd hung on to those baskets. Luncheon wouldn't look bad to me.

EVELYN. Me neither. But Jimmie will catch us some trout and red-legs, won't you, Jimmie? He's such a sport, Jimmie is!

JIM. (*blustering*). I will if I want to. If I don't want to I won't. See?

EVELYN. See a smarty! See a smarty! See a —— Ooh! There they come. (*Looks off,* L.)

ALL. Who?

EVELYN. The Professor and poor old Maria and a Calico man.

(*All look anxiously.*)

FLOSS. (*running to* JIM.). Oh, what shall we do, Jimmie? He's awful mad.

FREDDIE LANE. Tell him it was an accident, and that we're very sorry.

EVELYN. I won't, I won't, so there!

CALICO BOY. Let's go ask His Majesty King Dirty Face.

JACK BIRD. Quick! They're here.

(*All run off,* R., *as* PROF., MRS. O. *and* FUNNO *enter,* L.)

PROF. So this is Calico Land, Mr. Funno? How odd! And every one, even your King, dresses in calico. Extraordinary!

FUNNO. It is a capital offense to wear anything else. And it is a disgrace to be clean, a disgrace.

PROF. Marvelous!

MRS. O. Good gracious!

FUNNO. The raggeder and dirtier one is the more he is respected and honored.

PROF. Unbelievable!

MRS. O. How horrid!

FUNNO. King Dirty Face has been elevated to the throne for his preëminence in these qualities, and he still retains his superiority.

PROF. Very interesting. I must make a note of that.

(*Takes out book and writes.*)

*Enter* CALICO HERALD, R. *Blows horn.*

HERALD. The King comes. Roll!

(FUNNO *drops down and rolls.*)

FUNNO. Quick! Roll! It is death to look upon the King with clean face and clothes!

HERALD. Roll!

(PROF. *and* MRS. O. *make gestures of loathing, but lie down and roll.* KING DIRTY FACE *enters amid discordant blare of horns, the royal band playing on paper-covered combs "Yankee Doodle," "John Brown's Body," etc.* CHILDREN *follow, giggling and pointing to* PROF. *and his wife.*)

KING (*who lives up to his name of* DIRTY FACE). At last we have some grown-ups in Calico Land! 'Tis well.

SUBJECTS. Hooray!

KING. Be not too previous, minions.

SUBJECTS. Wh-y?

KING. Silence! They are the starched children's prey. You may look on, enjoy and learn. (*To* PROF. *and* MRS. O., *who are lying flat on their faces.*) Grown-ups, arise on all fours and draw nearer.

(PROF. *starts to get to feet.*)

FUNNO (*rushing forward*). Down! Do you want to lose your head, dog?

(PROF. *crawls forward on hands and feet, followed by* MRS. O.)

KING (*sternly*). Listen well. In Calico Land those who disobey my laws must die.

PROF. We are willing, your majesty, but being—ah—strangers here, we are still ignorant of your—ah—peculiar customs.

KING. 'Tis easy enough to learn. Obey the children, and you cannot go wrong.

PROF. Obey the *children?* Surely ——

KING. Yes, the children, these martyred little starchlings. Because they so long suffered the indignity of obeying you they shall now rule you, absolutely. That is your punishment and their compensation. Children of the dreadful starch and soap, your servants.

(*Points to* PROF. *and his wife.* CHILDREN, *dirty and ragged, come forward and bow satirically.* JIM. *gives* PROF. *a kick with his toe.*)

FLOSS. Oh, Jimmie, don't! Let's show we can 'preciate our positions. We'll show 'em how grown-ups ought to act.

CHILDREN. Yes, let's.

JIM. (*sulkily*). When I'm evened up.

EVELYN. That's what I say. We want our fun first.

JIM. (*ungratefully*). Who told *you* to butt in?

EVELYN. Told myself.

'TILDA. Well, let's not spoil everything by quarreling with each other. We can do that at home.

CHILDREN. What's the matter with 'Tilda? She's all right!

KING (*to* CHILDREN). I now give you the freedom of Calico Land. You will do just as you please, and these two grown-ups will be your servants. Food, clothes, toys may be had for the picking.

CHILDREN. Thank you, your majesty.

WILL. Can we eat all we want?

KING. All you can stuff.

WILL. (*incredulously*). Whenever we get hungry?

KING. Whether you are hungry or not.

WILL. (*hands on stomach*). Oh, my indigestion! Umm ——

(*Runs to tree, picks a sausage and begins to eat piggishly.* MRS. O. *raises her hands in silent horror, but collapses at a frown from* WILL.)

'TILDA. Don't we have to make our beds if we don't want to?

KING. Certainly not. No one makes his bed here. If you want it made make the grown-ups attend to it.

'TILDA. How lovely!

(MRS. O. *looks at her in bewildered protest, but* 'TILDA *shakes her head defiantly then laughs and skips off*, R.)

FRED. We may be kind to our servants if we wish, mayn't we? And keep clean if we prefer?

(PROF. *and* MRS. O. *look up with pleased smiles.*)

KING (*disgusted*). If you wish to be despised by the whole community.

(FRED. *slinks off*, R., *hanging his head.* CHILDREN *softly hiss.*)

FLOSS. May we stay in bed till nine o'clock?

KING. All day, if you like.

FLOSS. (*with animation*). And may we take our dolls to bed? (*Looks defiantly at* MRS. O.)

KING. Of course. All girls do.

FLOSS. Oh, dear! I haven't any doll.

KING. Go pick one.

FLOSS. Oh, I can't re'lize how lovely it is here all at once. You are the bestest King in the world!

KING (*surprised*). Why, of course I am.

(FLOSS. *goes to tree, picks doll, and begins to play with it, talking to* GRACIE PHELPS *as she does so.* GRACIE *tries to reach a doll but can't. No one offers to get her one, and she comes back and eyes* FLOSS.'S *wistfully.*)

EVELYN (*going up to* PROF.). Tie my shoe.

PROF. (*indignantly*). You shall pay for this imper——

EVELYN. Tie it, I say. Quick! (PROF. *gulps, looks around wildly, encounters the stern eye of the* KING, *and quickly but awkwardly ties shoe.* EVELYN, *condescendingly.*) Thank you, Henry. That will do for the present. Go lie down in the corner.

MRS. O. Oh, Evelyn!

EVELYN. Miss Evelyn Marie, if you please.

MRS. O. Mi-iss Evelyn Marie ——

(*Crawls off to corner crying softly.* KING *rises;* HERALDS *blare their horns.*)

KING. I must leave you now, my children. Enjoy yourselves in Calico Land.

CHILDREN. Thank you.

(*All bow low.* KING *and subjects withdraw,* L.)

JIM. (*who has been standing in a brown study*). Henry! Bring me a bun. (PROF. *begins to sputter, remembers, and rises to obey.*) Down, Professor. (PROF. *drops on all fours.*) Well, get me a bun, I say. (PROF. *starts to rise again.*) Down, I say.

PROF. How can I get the bun if I don't stand?

JIM. (*coolly*). That's for you to find out. Didn't you order me to do examples I couldn't do, and when I asked you for help you told me to help myself. You're not allowed to stand upright here, and you have to obey orders. Get busy. (PROF. *looks helplessly around and sees a bun hanging rather low. He tries to reach it but just fails. Goes to old log, drags and rolls it under bun, and gnaws at string till he gets it loose, and then trots over to* JIM., *and holds it up in his teeth.* JIM. *takes bun and pats him on the head.*) Good old fellow! Good old Towser!

(*Takes a big bite out of bun, then breaks off a piece and tosses it to* PROF., *who catches it in his mouth and eats it hungrily.* JIM. *and others laugh, and* JIM. *goes off* L., *whistling.*)

*Enter* 'TILDA, R., *running and excited.*

'TILDA. Oh, come quick, everybody! The trout will bite the bait every time we tell them to!

(*Holds up line with trout on hook. All run off* R., *in much excitement.* PROF. *jumps to his feet and shakes his fist after them.* MRS. O. *sobs.*)

PROF. (*going over and patting her on shoulder*). Never mind, my dear. Don't grieve. I'll find a way out, or science is at fault somewhere. If I can't combat this children's magic there's something wrong with our system.

MRS. O. Oh, I hope you do for the poor children's sake. This life will ruin their sweet dispositions.

PROF. (*surprised*). And what about us, if I may make so bold as to ask?

MRS. O. We can bear it. Our characters are formed. It is only a little discomfort. Perhaps we will be broadened and enriched by the experience.

PROF. (*tartly*). Well, I hope so, but I fail at present to see how acting like a clown and being ordered about by a lot of infants can be very elevating.

CURTAIN

## ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as Act II. A considerable period of time is supposed to have elapsed.*

(WILL. *and* FRED. *discovered sitting on ground leaning against log.* CHILDREN *all in calico clothes.*)

FRED. (*without moving*). If you want a banana I'll get it for you.

WILL. (*yawning*). Goodness, no! I never want to see another banana. I've eaten and eaten till I'm ready to burst. Nothing tastes good any more. Do you suppose I will explode, Freddie? (*Feels of his stomach anxiously.*) Mama would be sending for the doctor and Mrs. Osgood would be giving me castor oil if I were at school. But here nobody cares whether you die or not. I wish I was back at school!

FRED. Oh, do you really?

WILL. Well ——

FRED. (*sitting up suddenly*). Are you truly sick of this old place?

WILL. (*defensively*). Oh, I didn't say *that* ——

FRED. (*plainly disappointed, sinking back against log*). Oh!

(*Gazes off into space miserably.*)

WILL. (*after a silence, stealing a look at* FRED.). Are you?

FRED. What?

WILL. Tired of this.

FRED. (*defiantly*). Yes, I am; so there! I want to be clean, and I want my mother!

WILL. Sh! Some one is coming. So do I.

*Enter* FLOSS. *and* 'TILDA, R., 'TILDA *assisting* FLOSS., *who is holding her left arm with her right hand and crying.*

FLOSS. (*sinking to ground and leaning against a tree*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! My arm is 'most broke, I think. Oh, what shall I do?

(BOYS *come forward.*)

WILL. How did you hurt it, Flossie? Let me feel it.

(*Kneels and feels arm gently.*)

FLOSS. Ouch! Don't! I fell out of a tree. It was a little tree, kind mama says are dangerousest. She wouldn't have let me climb it. Oh, dear, oh, dear!

FRED. I'll go find Mrs. Osgood. She'll know what to do.

[*Exit*, R., *running.*

'TILDA. I 'most put my eyes out with those firecrackers the other day—nobody told me not to fire 'em. The Professor and Mrs. Osgood don't take care of us a bit any more.

WILL. What 'ud be the good? We wouldn't mind.

'TILDA (*gloomily*). That's so.

WILL. I wish some one would make me quit being such a pig. I'm beginning to grunt.

*Enter* MRS. O. *and* FRED., R.

MRS. O. (*on all fours, in calico clown suit*). Oh, my poor child! Let me see it. (*Feels gently.*) It isn't broken, and I don't think it is really sprained or it would be swelled by now and sorer than it is. How fortunate! I must pick a handkerchief for a sling to keep it quiet.

WILL. I will.

(MRS. O. *looks surprised as* WILL. *gets a red bandana from tree and hands it to her.*)

MRS. O. Thank you, Willie. You are very kind.

(*Fixes sling on* FLOSS.'S *arm.*)

WILL. (*yawning*). Let's find Jack and go down to the pond. I wish the Professor would tell us about some of those bugs.

FRED. (*stretching*). All right. Anything to kill time. No good to get the Prof. though. He'd be so meek and whiny, and just talk when you told him to, and stop when we hollered 'nough. I'd as soon listen to a jelly-fish.

[*Exeunt* FRED. *and* WILL., L.

*Enter* EVELYN, L., *very haughtily, her dress in tatters and covered with dirt.*

EVELYN (*superciliously*). Flossie, why don't you try to get a little dirtier? Your hair is really disgusting. I believe you combed it this morning!

FLOSS. My mama says a really nice girl feels uncomfortable if she's all tangly and gooey.

EVELYN (*shocked*). Your mama! What has she got to do with Calico Land?

FLOSS. (*bursting into tears*). Oh, dear! I don't care if it is against the law of this horrid, dirty old country, I want my mama. And it's almost time for the long holidays, too!

EVELYN. Well, I never! I'm s'prised at you, Flossie Wells. Mama, indeed! You'd change your mind mighty quick when you had to wash and comb and be all starchy and uncomfortable. Then you'd see! Always minding some one all of the time, wouldn't she be, Jimmie?

*Enter* JIM., L., *looking bored.*

JIM. Eh? Oh, of course she would. 'Course none of us want to go home, do we? (*Belligerently. No one answers. They all look sheepish and avoid his eyes.* JIM., *louder and shriller.*) We none of us want to go back to school and home, do we? Say it, you boobies, or I'll smash your heads.

*Enter* GRACIE, R., *dripping with water, followed by* JACK.

MRS. O. (*forgetting and jumping up*). Oh, you poor darling! (*Remembers and goes down on all fours.*) Come here to me. (GRACIE *kneels and* MRS. O. *wipes her face.*) What happened to the poor baby?

GRACIE (*blubbering*). That nasty Funno pushed me into the pond! Oh-o-oh, I want to go home!

JIM. You babies make me sick! Fat lot of fun you'd have at home!

GRACIE (*going off*, L., *followed by* MRS. O.). Well, people wouldn't be 'lowed to push me into ponds there. I hate this horrid old place and the old rag doll people!

*Enter* PROF. *on all fours in calico clown suit, followed by* FRED. *and* WILL.

EVELYN. Well, doesn't Gracie make you sick?

FLOSS. No, she doesn't.

JIM. If you wasn't a girl ——

(*Doubles up fists and strikes attitude. They all spring forward but* EVELYN.)

'TILDA. Don't you touch her, Jimmie McNulty!

WILL. We—we'll fight you if you do.

PROF. (*looking pleased*). Are you children really tired of this nonsense?

CHILDREN. Yes.

PROF. (*turning to* JIM. *and* EVELYN). Then if we leave you'll stay behind?

JIM. (*shrilly*). Leave? Don't you think I've tried to find a way out before this? We can't leave. There's no way out.

EVELYN (*sadly*). No, Jimmie is right. I've hunted and hunted, and those old rag dolls are always peeking around and watching. I suppose they're listening now, but I don't care.

CHILDREN (*rushing forward*). You too, you too?

*Enter* FUNNO *and two other* CALICO PEOPLE.

FUNNO. Quite a little family gathering. Counting your blessings?

JIM. (*with dignity*). We've concluded to go home for a while.

FUNNO (*shaking his head*). That is the one thing you can't do.

FLOSS. (*as if an idea had just struck her*). Did you say we could make the Professor and Mrs. Osgood do just as we liked?

FUNNO. Exactly.

FLOSS. Cross your heart?

FUNNO (*making motion*). Cross my heart.

FLOSS. Professor Osgood, stand up.

CHILDREN. Oh, Flossie!

(PROF. *rises.*)

FLOSS. (*much excited*). Take off that clown suit.

FUNNO (*scared*). No, no. Don't tell him that.

FLOSS. (*severely*). Didn't you cross your heart?

FUNNO (*hanging head*). Ye-es.

(PROF. *slips off suit and flings it to one side.* CHILDREN *all clap.*)

WILL. Let's make the Professor take charge of us again. All in favor clap.

(*Loud clapping.* FUNNO *and friends put hands to ears and run off,* R.)

PROF. Children, you make me very happy. I do not think

that you will ever regret your generosity or confidence. I, too, have learned my lesson here.

'TILDA. I'm sorry I treated you so horrid, Professor Osgood.

OTHERS. Me too. So am I.

PROF. I have one little piece of good news to repay you with.

CHILDREN. What?

PROF. I have discovered the gate.

CHILDREN (*joyfully*). The gate?

PROF. Yes, but I am sorry to say I do not yet know all of the charm. It opened once to me, but as I could not return I did not go out.

JIM. You did not go out!

PROF. No, Jimmie.

JIM. And after the way we've treated you!

EVELYN. What was the charm that opened the gate to you, Professor Osgood?

PROF. There was a Calico soldier at the gate, and when I asked if I might go out he looked at me narrowly, shook his head, muttered a little to himself, then called a fellow who seemed to be lurking in the woods near. They talked together in whispers, eyeing me furtively. Finally the first soldier said accusingly: "You took a bath this morning." I acknowledged it, and he finally said:

> "He's clean, clean, as a bright new pin;
> Such may go out but never come in."

As he said the words the gate swung outward, but I did not go through. All I had wanted was to see *how* to get out.

'TILDA. Then we can go out any time we say those words.

PROF. That is the queer part of it. I found the gate unguarded another time and said the words myself, but it would not open. I have been watching since then to see if I can discover the rest of the charm.

JIM. Why didn't you tell us?

PROF. While you liked this, what was the use? I feared you'd send me out and then never be able to escape yourselves. I'll discover the secret yet.

FLOSS. Professor, why have you not always kept perfectly clean here?

PROF. I am ashamed to say that I wished to curry favor

with these peculiar people. I found that my cleanliness was particularly obnoxious to them, and that it was when I was cleanest that the most inexplicable accidents happened to me.

FLOSS. Oh, I believe I have discovered the secret!

OTHERS (*crowding around her*). What is it?

FLOSS. Have you noticed that every time you put on clean clothes or wash yourself one of those rag dolls turns up and wants to play tag or something?

OTHERS. Ye-es. Yes. Yes!

FLOSS. And that they roll you in the dirt or into the pond before they get through? That they manage in some way to get you dirty again?

OTHERS. Ye-es.

JIM. Well? Just as the Professor said. What of it?

FLOSS. Don't you see? That's it! If we're all perfectly clean I believe the gate will open.

'TILDA (*hopelessly*). But they won't let us be.

PROF. I think if we wait until dark we might manage it, especially if we all stick together. Mrs. Osgood took all of your clothes that you had on when you came here, and washed and starched them, and hid them in an old hollow tree.

CHILDREN. Hurrah for Mrs. Osgood!

*Enter* MRS. O., *with* GRACIE, L., *the latter in dry clothes.*

EVELYN. We command you to stand and do as you please in future; don't we, everybody?

CHILDREN. Yes—yes—yes!

(MRS. O. *stands looking very bewildered, and* EVELYN *slips up behind her and unfastens clown dress, which falls to ground.*)

JIM. Hurrah for Professor and Mrs. Osgood, the best friends we ever had!

ALL (*waving arms and jumping about excitedly*). Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

CURTAIN

## ACT IV

SCENE.—*Magic gate. Time, night. Dark forms seen sneaking up to gate, which is near* C. *rear.*

PROF. (*in a voice of command to* GATEKEEPER). Open to the clean people. Don't dare to refuse.

GATEKEEPER (*flashing a lantern from one immaculate child to another intones*).

> They're clean, they're clean, as a bright new pin;
> Such may go out but never come in.

(*The gate swings slowly outward, and they all pass through to front dressed in their own clean clothes. A pink light grows brighter and brighter in back disclosing the fact that they are in Scene* 1.)

PROF. See, the sun is rising. It is a new day.

CHILDREN (*looking*). Yes, Professor.

PROF. Pick up your things and we will proceed to the picnic grounds.

CHILDREN (*obeying*). Yes, Professor Osgood.

PROF. I noticed some of that little white flower commonly called pepper root near here the last time I explored this region. We must see if we can find it as I wish to call your attention to its resemblance to the ordinary mustard plant of the genus *Sinapis*. You will notice that both have a pungent taste and are used in commerce ——

CALICO PEOPLE (*who have crowded up to gate*). Don't leave us, oh, don't leave us! We'll never be freed if you do.

PROF. (*turning*). Are you, too, prisoners?

FUNNO. Yes, we were sent here for spoiling our children.

CHILDREN. No!

FUNNO. It is only too true. We made them selfish and unbearable by giving in to all their wishes. Oh, why did you desert us? Now we'll never be free!

PROF. But *you* came out.

FUNNO. To entice the children in. My family was held in ransom. We hoped so much from your capture.

PROF. What could we have done?

FUNNO. Shown us the way to escape. *You* were unselfish.

JIM. Why don't you open the gate?

FUNNO. We can't. It only opens to the clean.

EVELYN (*impatiently*). Go clean up, then.

FUNNO. Alas, we can't. Some one is sure to roll us in the mud.

FLOSS. But don't you all want to get out?

CALICO PEOPLE. Yes—yes—yes!

FLOSS. Then why do you throw mud on each other?

FUNNO AND OTHERS (*surprised*). It is the law! We must obey the law.

MRS. O. (*timidly*). Who made the law?

CALICO PEOPLE (*proudly*). We did.

MRS. O. Couldn't—mightn't you—is there no way to revise it?

(*All stare blankly.*)

JIM. Who is here to care if you do break the old law?

FUNNO. The King.

JIM. Oh, then the King wants to stay?

KING (*from rear, pushing forward frantically*). No, no, *no!* I don't want to stay.

JIM. Who makes you, then?

KING. The soldiers.

'TILDA. The soldiers want to stay, do they?

SOLDIERS. No, no, *no!*

PROF. (*stroking his chin*). There must be a way out, but it will take time to accomplish it legally. I will look into the matter. One must, of course, find precedents. No doubt, in a few years, we will find something in the old Roman law, and by exercising the perniciative, the defer-endum, and the latest college yell ——

CALICO PEOPLE (*wringing hands*). Oh, dear! oh, dear!

FLOSS. What's the use of bothering with the old law? All of you go and wash yourselves perfectly clean, and then, all together, just walk out.

KING (*timidly*). But the law?

JIM. *I* know. My father is a policeman. Each one of you just leave it to the other to enforce it.

KING. Of course.

FUNNO. Of course.
OTHER CALICO PEOPLE. Of course.

(*All run off capering and dancing.*)

PROF. "From the mouths of babes ——" Extraordinary! (*Turns briskly.*) Come, children. It is time to go.
ALL (*smiling cheerfully*). Yes, Professor. (*Start off*, R.)

CURTAIN

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## A PAIR OF CRACKER-JACKS

### A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts

*By Scott Byrnes*

Four males, four females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two hours and a half. An unusually lively and amusing farce for a very small cast, easy to produce and effective in performance. All the parts are good and the laughs equally distributed. Produced professionally in 1904; professional acting rights reserved. Royalty of ten dollars ($10.00) for amateur performance required by the author.

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#### CHARACTERS

JACK CRACKER, *a hard cracker.*
JACK CRACKER, 2D, *a fire-cracker.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS BANG, *in the "profesh."*
COFFEE, *a colored brother.*
MRS. JACK CRACKER, *Jack's wife.*
ESTELLE CLAYTON, *Jack 2d's fiancée.*
FLO. ATKINS, *Jack's niece.*
KATRINA VON HOOT, *Flo's double.*

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Afternoon. Exhortations.
ACT II.—The same afternoon. Complications.
ACT III.—The same evening. Congratulations.

## THE LITTLE CO-ED

### A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

*By Hamilton Coleman and Harry Osborne*

One male, who plays three parts, and one female. Costumes modern; scenery an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A bright and lively little sketch originally produced in vaudeville by Yuill and Boyd. A strong piece for a lady, full of points and action. Can be strongly recommended.

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Two female characters. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays twenty minutes. A very clever and effective sketch for two young girls. Can be done entirely without stage or scenery or other preparation than mere memorizing and rehearsal. Played rapidly it is a sure success. A good bit for an exhibition programme.

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## HOW JIM MADE GOOD

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Seven males, three females; two male parts can be doubled. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours. An unusually sympathetic play, well suited to amateurs. Clean and easy to get up. Recommended to high schools. All the parts are good.

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#### CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced December 9, 1910, in the Opera House, Natrona, Pa., for the benefit of the Ladies' Industrial Society of the Natrona Presbyterian Church.*)

EBEN LOVEJOY, *of Hillside farm* . . . . *C. S. Bird.*
JIM JONES, *a farm hand; good as gold* . . *Edward Lemon.*
WALTER WAYNE, *the new schoolmaster* . . . *Roy Cook.*
STEVE HAMMOND, *a ne'er-do-well; Eben's nephew* . *Edward Dean.*
SI STAPLES, *landlord of the Hillside Hotel* . . *Jacob Carr.*
JABEZ ELDER, *a member of the schoolboard* } *Thomas Lardin*
A TRAMP, *who makes good* . . . }
MRS. LOVEJOY, *Eben's wife, who believes in Jim* . *Agnes Bird*
LUCY LOVEJOY, *her daughter, whom you can't help loving* . . . . . *Mabel Snebold*
CORA HARLOW, *the Lovejoys' "help"; a born tease.* *Mary Larson*

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room at Hillside Farm.
ACT II.—The Lovejoys' Kitchen.
ACT III.—Office of the Hillside Hotel.
ACT IV.—Same as Act I.

## ALL ABOUT ADAM

### A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Alice C. Thompson*

One male, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays one hour. A very easy and effective play of that much wanted class that calls for more women than men. Just a sweet, clean little play suited to any one that wants something nice and wholesome.

*Price, 15 cents*

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### A Farce in One Act

*By H. S. Griffith*

Three males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays thirty minutes. A capital little piece narrating the incidents of an interrupted proposal. All parts good; one very effective stuttering character. Clean, bright and amusing. Can be recommended for schools.

*Price, 15 cents*

# New Plays

## THE COLLEGE CHAP

### A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

*By Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche*

Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up-to-date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

*Price, 25 cents*

**CHARACTERS**

ELIJAH GOODING, *a village product.*
SETH HINES, *just as tired.*
ART WIMPEL, *chief clerk, Occidental Hotel.*
SAMUEL CRANE, *proprietor of the Occidental Hotel.*
STARR CLAY, *promoter of Jay I. C. Trolley Line.*
BART EATON, *factotum of the "Clarion."*
JOHN DREW IRVING, *advance agent and drummer.*
WILL SELLUM, *a traveling salesman.*
BILL, *a bell-boy.*
GEORGE, *another.*
DAVE CRANE, *the college chap.*
SALLIE CRANE, *in love with Art.*
MRS. JANE CRANE, *the mother.*
MADGE CLAY, *the girl.*
GERTIE FLYE, *the news stand girl.*
MRS. MORTIMER JONES-BROWN, *a progressive woman.*
MRS. HEZIAH JENKS, *of the Chester Culture Club.*
MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR, *secretary of Chester Culture Club.*

**SYNOPSIS**

ACT I.—Office of the Occidental Hotel.
ACT II.—Office of the Chester *Clarion*, six months later.
ACT III.—Office of the Occidental Hotel, eight months later.

## A TELEGRAM FROM DAD

### A Farce in One Act

*By J. M. Taylor*

Six males, one female; the latter can be played by a man. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A college farce, very swift and snappy. Recommended. *Price, 15 cents.*

## SPECIAL DELIVERY

### A Farce in One Act

*By D. M. Henderson*

Three males, two females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior. Plays twenty minutes. A brisk and snappy little farce, easy and amusing. Suited for any use. *Price, 15 cents*

# New Plays

## THE COLONEL'S MAID

### A Comedy in Three Acts

*By C. Leona Dalrymple*

*Author of "The Time of His Life," "The Land of Night," etc.*

Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

**CHARACTERS**

COLONEL ROBERT RUDD, *a widower of North Carolina*
COLONEL RICHARD BYRD, *a widower of South Carolina* } *mortally antagonistic.*

MARJORIE BYRD
BOB RUDD } *not so antagonistic as their respective fathers.*

MRS. J. JOHN CARROLL, *a widow, and Colonel Rudd's sister-in-law.*

JULIA CARROLL, *her daughter.*

NED GRAYDON, *a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory.*

MR. JAMES BASKOM, *Colonel Rudd's lawyer.*

CHING-AH-LING, *the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the most important individual in the cast.*

**SYNOPSIS**

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

## BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT

### A Farce in One Act

*By W. C. Parker*

Two males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A quick playing little piece suitable for vaudeville use. Very bright and snappy and strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

## A PAPER MATCH

### A Farce in One Act

*By E. W. Burt, M. D.*

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Four rustic characters, all good. The heroine advertises for a husband and gets her aunt's old beau to their mutual horror. Very funny, easy and effective. *Price, 15 cents*

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